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The White cockade, or, Bourbon songster

London

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THE

White Cockade;

OR,

Bourbon Songster:

BEING

A Patriotic Collection of Songs on the Downfall of Tyranny, and Restoration of LOUIS XVIII. to the Throne of France, with various others now Singing with great Applause, at the various Places of Public Amusement.

1 *The Triumphant Entry of the Allies into Paris*
2 *The White Flag; or Boney done over*
3 *Downfall of Buonaparte*
4 *Banishment of Buonaparte*
5 *The Jacobin's Sigh; or Buonaparte's Downfall*
6 *The Dutch Fishermen*
7 *Ah! make no Jest of Love*
8 *Heigho! I shall never be Married*
9 *Merry the Days were then*
10 *I'm very well without a Wife*
11 *Frost Fair*
12 *Scandal has a busy Tongue*
13 *The Thrasher*
14 *Sally Solomons*

LONDON:

Printed by J. Evans and Son, 42, Long Lane, West-Smithfield.

Price One Penny.

THE

White Cockade, &c.

1 *The Triumphant Entry of the Allies into Paris.*

COME Britons attend to the theme of
my song,
Since the PEACE is arriv'd that we've
wish'd for so long,
And poor Boney's done over, as plainly
is shewn,
Such glorious successes sure never were
known.

Then sing, "The brave Allies!"
through earth's wide expanse,
For now they have conquer'd,
For now they have conquer'd,
The Corsican tyrant, the despot of
France.

His overgrown sway is at last at an end,
Tho' so stubborn of late to no terms
would he bend,
But the balance has turn'd, and we
hear Boney sue,
Par bleu! Nappy says, Now I'll any
thing do.
Then sing, &c.

The Allies with their armies, to Paris
were bent,
While Boney, behind them, knew not
their intent;
Victory crowns their endeavors, while
Frenchmen rejoice,
And proclaim Louis king with the
great nation's voice.
Then sing, &c.

Then they call'd upon Boney to give
up his throne,
So I will, he replied, only let me alone,
But suppose now, the young King of
Rome takes my place?—
By no means! cries all Europe, we're
sick of your race.
Then sing, &c.

When he found he had fail'd in this
modest request,
In a different tone he the nations
addrest;
Says he, "France! to serve you I'll
part e'en with life;"
So they've sent him to Elba without
child or wife.
Then sing, &c.

Now Boney discarded may take a long
nap,
And the French have well fitted his
head with a cap,
If sleepless, no matter how loudly he
rails,
For they've pull'd all his teeth out and
left him no nails.
Then sing, &c.

After twenty-five years of slaughter
and death,
This great change calls for praise upon
all that have breath,
Then lift up your hearts to the
Sovereign Supreme,
And ascribe this great good, in the first
place to Him.
Then sing, &c.

2 *The White Flag; Or, Boney Done Over.*

GREAT News brother Britons, our joy freely share,
Hark! big with glad tidings, the guns rend the air,
The hope so long cherish'd so gloriously crown,
All Europe is UP, but the Tyrant is DOWN.
Derry Down, &c

A ROD to all nations has been this proud elf,
Who we know has at last made A ROD FOR HIMSELF,
The Dove flies alofc, with the olive of Peace,
And Boney's proud EAGLES, are all turned to GEESE.

Buonaparte a Cæsar was called, it is known,
And he SEIZED upon all he came near, you must own,
But tho' this mock Cæsar has met with his fate,
We still have a true ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Said John Bull when quite sick of invasion Nap grew,
If you won't come to me, I must e'en go to you,
And to France Johnny went, but a short time ago,
To toast Europe's cause in good wine at Bordeaux.

From proud exultation tho' who can refrain
Buonaparte I'm sure has no cause to complain,
TRANSPORTED with joy tho' all Europe we view,
Poor Boney you know, has been TRANSPORTED TOO.

Then hail to the monarchs enroll'd with the brave,
Whose conquering Arms only conquer to save,
Hail freedom that gave unto Louis the Crown,
Rais'd the white standard up, and the tyrant pull'd down.

3 *Downfall of Buonaparte.*

COME Britons bold both staunch and free,
And I'll tell you of this glorious victory,
By the Allied armies and their gallant men,
That have beat the French again and again.

CHORUS.

Then huzza for Wellington and his Allies so brave,
That would boldly die their country to save,
The Allied armies to Paris did advance,
And dethron'd little Boney from the crown of France,
Their cause so bravely they did maintain,
To set the Bourbons on the throne again.

France for ever will be blest,
The country no more will be distrest,
The people all will now be free,
And their country set at liberty.

Blest for ever will be the day,
That Boney surrender'd to the Allied army,
May all nations unite in peace and unity,
Old England to flourish be happy and free.

So now to conclude and end my song,
And a lasting Peace e'er it be long,
That the naked may be clothed & the hungry fed,
The innocent protected be, and justice always had.

4 *Banishment of Buonaparte.*

COME Britons attend and listen to me,
While I sing you a song, with a heart full of glee,

It's of Buonaparte, that now I shall sing,
Who is quite done over from being a king.
Success to the Allies for ever,
Brave Blucher for ever, huzza!

Now the brave Allied armies to Paris have got,
And poor little Boney full well knows his lot,
To curb his ambition and end further strife,
To a desolate island he's banish'd for life.
Success, &c.

A most cruel tyrant long time you have reign'd,
Much innocent blood too you have spilt in vain;
And for all the cruelties which you have done,
You're hated & despis'd by every one.
Success, &c.

They say that your wife to her father's gone home,
And you have deserted the young King of Rome;
Your poor brother King Joey you've left in distress,
I think Mr. Boney you're in a fine mess.
Success, &c.

Success to brave Blucher that hero so bold,
That has fought so manfully altho' he's so old;
To the kings of Prussia & Russia we must give applause,
That have fought so nobly to maintain the cause.
Success, &c.

5 *The Jacobin's Sigh; Or, Buonaparte's Downfall.*

MOURN jacobins, mourn, for your *idol* is down;
Curses rain on the infernal elf;
What for *you* now remains, while he rattles his chains?
But to worship *old Satan* himself.
Derry down.

All the nations rejoice, they shout with one voice,
"We have but *one thing more* to wish,
And except *he* keeps quiet, we'll soon quell his riot,
And serve up *his head* in a dish!"
Derry down.

Tho' long he has rul'd, his courage is cool'd,
Like a coward he gives up his sword!
He dares not to die, and a good reason why,
He has pledg'd to the *Devil* his *word!*"
Derry down.

Had he what he has earn'd, he alive would be burn'd,
But his *master* to whom he has sworn,
Will this *Moloch* repay, nor will he delay,
To make all *ye* jacobins mourn.
Derry down.

6 *The Dutch Fisherman.*

OF all vat strive,
To live and thrive,
And by cunning to over-reach men,
No man let him be dead or alive,
Like *one* could cheaten the Dutchmen;
De vorld be fish vat he can get,
But all been fish in de Frenchman's net,
Oh, Ik byn lyderlick,
Du bist lyderlick,
Snick-snack lyderlick-a-lydo.

To Italy he takes a walk,
And looks so sharp as donder,
To Swiss and Germans too he talk,
And cheated de one and de t'oder,
He cheat de Pope, and if he'd been dare,
He'd [illegible] &c.
Oh, [illegible], &c.

Now beat and hung from town to town,
His posts and his armies drove in,
De tri-color'd flag, Mynheer pull'd down,
And sticks up *Orange Boven*,
And long Batavia's shore shall ring
With "Holland's Prince and England's King,"
Oh, [illegible] tyderlick, &c.

7 *Ah! make no Jest of Love.*

MY speech is true, believe me,
[illegible] charms have won my heart!
Of hopes ah! never bereave me,
O, say not we must part!
While hopes and fears divide me,
Ah! never cruel prove,
Nor with that smile deride me—
Ah! make no jest of love!

Tho' lord of ample treasure,
An humble maid I woo;
And nought my bliss can measure,
To share it all with you!
Think not my tongue deceiving,
Your pity let me move;
My artless tale believing,
Ah! make no jest of love!

8 *Heigho! I shall never be Married.*

YOUNG Selima, airy and gay,
Who sported her teens away,
[illegible] by coquetting [illegible] parried,
Came of age, but no lover,
And sighing, she cried,
Heigho! I shall never be married,
Not I,
Heigho! I shall never be married.
[illegible]
Her countenance [illegible]
For her dreary [illegible] oft carried
And she [illegible]
of single again,
Heigho! I would [illegible] married,
Not I,
Heigho! I would never be married.

9 *Merry the Days were then.*

WHEN I was young, O, then
'Twas all merry,
I laugh'd and sung, Hey down derry!
But days of youth, tho' gay and cherry,
Dispatch they quickly ken;
But honest heart need nothing fear,
My hands are clean, my conscience clear,
And so I laugh the live-long year—
O, merry the days were then!

Now silver'd o'er, but not by age,
I prize to-day, nor fear to-morrow,
And those who would my maxim borrow,
The same gay age may ken;
To pining care I never bow;
Distemper'd youth no age can bow;
But merry the days are now,
As merry the days were then!

10 *I'm very well without a Wife.*

SINGLE poets, at their ease,
May persuade us if they please,

There's no blessing like the joys of married life below;
But, for me, I freely own,
I'm for letting well alone,
And I'm very well indeed without a wife, I know.

My nephew I vow and swear,
That your daughter's good and fair,
May be so, but she's a woman and
[illegible]
'Tis very plain to me,
That an angel she may be;
But 'tis plainer still, your wife's a very devil, oh.

Then take a fool's advice,
And don't be over nice,
But when your wife for scolding finds pretences, oh;
Take the handle of a broom,
Not much thicker than your thumb,
And thwack her till you bring her to her senses, oh.

11 *Frost Fair.*

AUGUSTUS, Julius Cæsar, Barbarossa, Henry Higgins,
Fell in love
With Miss Aurelia, Joan, Amelia, Wilhelmina Wiggins,
Such a dove!
Last winter, when the frost was hard, in spite of nipping weather,
Upon the Thames, when frozen o'er,
These lovers true, with many more,
A walking went together,
Ri tol, &c. O the joys of love!

Augustus Higgins skipp'd about as nimble as a kitten,
Or parch'd pea;
But Miss Aurelia said as how the frost her nose had bitten,
Inches three!
Her lover all so grieviously bemoan'd her evil present,
Spied out a booth, wherein he goes,
And all to warm his deary's nose,
He call'd for something pleasant!
Ri tol, &c. O, the joys of love!

But as they sat there, Jacky Frost, that nose and toes provoker,
Run away;
For Tommy Thaw came on the river with a red hot poker,
Lack a day!
The Ice he melted, all the people scamper'd in a shiver,
But that same booth, where so nice
These lovers, on a lump of ice,
Went floating down the river!
Ri tol, &c. O, the joys of love!

Now where this booth it floated to there's nobody can tell,
And thereby
We've lost the rose of beauties and the pink of pretty fellows,
I could cry!
Some wags say they're to fishes turn'd (such whimsies in the nob stir,)
That he's an oyster cross'd in love,
And she, as plainly they can prove,
Is the lady in the lobster!
Ri tol, &c. O, the joys of love!

12 *Scandal has a busy Tongue.*

SCANDAL has a busy tongue,
Spares no reputation;
Ever in your ear is rung,
Some tale of defamation.

Spoken.] Have you heard?—Heard what? About a certain person who shall be nameless, who was seen with another certain person, whom one wouldn't choose to mention.—No! You don't say so? Yes,

I'll assure you, and after that another person, who made so much noise in a certain affair, was positively seen with the parties; you may guess where.—Dear me, is it possible?—

O, it's true,
But taisen sous;
You take me? Mum! you take me?
Thinking people seldom find
Time for useless labors;
Idle people only mind
The bus'ness of their neighbors.

Spoken.] Do you know I saw such a thing yesterday! Mr. So and so, and the widow Such-a-one came down the street together, arm in arm, laughing and giggling so; I'm sure there was no good in it; and they went into the Pastry Cook's, and staid a whole hour!—A whole hour?—Yes, for I stood at the window and watch'd 'em.—You'd nothing to do of course?—O, you sly devil; yes I had, but I couldn't resist it—Well, after that they walk'd down the street together, and I saw no more of 'em.—Well, it's a wonderful story indeed, but did'nt you know they were married!—Married and I not know it? impossible—

O, it's true, &c.

Some in meanest weed that grows,
Find graces, very true 'tis;
Others in the brightest rose
See specks, but never beauties.

Spoken.] Bless me what a tall gawkey thing that is! But you'll own she has an expressive face!—Expressive! where's your taste? She has fine blue eyes.—Grey when you write to your friends. Her nose is prettily form'd. Why it turns up like a duck's bill. Then her lips are like vermillion. Red lead, you mean. Then you must own she has a pretty mouth. Pretty! why, it's as wide as a wheel-barrow, and when she opens it you certainly see a beautiful set of ivory teeth—All false I dare say.—False! why, bless you, she's quite a girl—So is my grandmother; girl as she is, she knows a thing or two; I could tell you such a story.; No!

O, it's true, &c.

13 *The Thrasher.*

CAN any king be half so great,
So kind, so good as I?
I give the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry.
My labor's hard, but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure;
For while I toil to thrash the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor.
And I merrily sing as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a jug of brown ale.

If from the wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to chase,
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn
Supplies us with the beer.
Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,
Our pleasures to ensure,
I for my neighbor's good was born,
A baker and a brewer.
For I bake, and I brew, and I swing round my flail,
To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale!

'Tis for myself when all is said,
I work thus with such glee;
For if for others I make bread,
My labor's bread to me.
For other months I must provide,
My children must be fed,

My wife and some sick friend beside,
  Who cannot earn their bread.
With these notions I merrily swing
  round my flail,
My reward, when work's over, a
  jug of brown ale!

And when my mortal race near run,
  All toil and labor vain,
A jolly thrasher shall my son
  His crazy dad maintain.
Thus while I work, & laugh, & sing,
  And at my [illegible],
Unless I'm call'd on by my king
  To guard my native soil.
Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll
  swing round my flail,
And thrash the proud foe to
  secure my brown ale!

14. *Sally Solomons.*

THRO' ev'ry place I rove,
  A pedlar by my trade,
And once I fell in love,
  Mid a very pretty maid;
Von day I met her all so smart,
  Some coods of me she buy,
She paid for dem but stole my heart,
  Which made me sorely sigh.

(Spoken.) I vas all over zo comical as a man vat is drunk, I didn't know vat I was [illegible] my lollipops, and play'd at ducks and drakes mid my shilling buttons, lit my pipe mid a stick of sealing vax, and prove my vatch by vinding it up backwards, [illegible], instead of calling my [illegible] [illegible] "Sally Solomons, all a penny a piece," so de people laugh'd, and I look'd like a fool.

And 'twas all for Sally Solomons,
Pretty Sally Solomons, [illegible]
  O [illegible]
Would you [illegible] Abraham,
Would [illegible] &c.
  How happy I should be,
Her eyes were bright as paste,
  Her lips like vax were red,
Like [illegible] strait her waist,
  And her tongue smooth as the lead.
No girl in Duke's Place cou'd compare
  Mid her to buy or sell;
She made such bargains, you'd stare,
  And so in love I fell.

(Spoken.) Bless my heart, it would have done you cood to see her buy a lot, she talk'd the peopleish over so shweetly, dat she got de thing more as twenty per shent cheaper dan her own father Shadrach, who kept [illegible] shop and two [illegible] in it, and so she turn'd up her nose at me [illegible] as if I was an ould slipper, because vat I carried a box, and it broke my heart—Heigho! I'd a cood mind to drown myself, [illegible], and I set out on my travels, determined to die an ould batchelor—live so long as I can.

And twas &c.

FINIS.

———o———

J. Evans & Son, Printers, Long-lane, London.